

Quarter of a Million Ahead
of Any Contemporary.

Average daily circulation of the Journal 1,213,751
Average daily circulation of the Petit
Journal of Paris, the next largest in
the world 1,000,000
The Journal leads all the world by.... 213,751

WEATHER.

FOR NEW YORK CITY:
PARTLY CLOUDY; STA-
TIONARY TEMPERATURE.

For New York, New Jersey, Con-
necticut and Eastern Pennsylvania:
Partly cloudy; stationary tempera-
ture; west to northwest wind.

The highest temperature yesterday
was 82 degrees at 4 p. m.

The lowest temperature yesterday
was 71 degrees at 6 a. m.

THE CRIME OF THE WAR DEPARTMENT!

Who Must Answer to the People for the Suffering and Death of Our Brave Men in Camps Abroad
and at Home Due to Neglect and Incompetence?

Heartrending Conditions Call
for Speedy Action by
the President.

Transport Ship Mohawk Brings An-
other Pitiful Story of Starva-
tion and Overcrowding.

The Journal, though Democratic in politics, has stoutly and heartily supported President McKinley throughout the war. There was much to applaud in the conduct of that war.

In the same spirit with which the Journal upheld the President, we now wish to call his attention to the mismanagement and incompetency evident in the camps where the soldiers of the country are quartered. There is no longer a doubt that there is mismanagement and that there is incompetency, and that because of them the very men the country most delights to honor are suffering and dying.

President McKinley has a great amount of money at hand for war purposes. Those purposes mean, first, the care of the nation's soldiers. With that money the best of comforts can be provided for the well; the most careful attention and gentlest treatment secured for the sick. The people of the United States are unanimous in the desire that the soldiers shall have the best that money can buy.

Yet right at Montauk Point, within a few hours of New York City, in touch with all the comforts and delicacies of life, sick heroes from Santiago are forced to sleep on the soaked ground without proper clothes or covering, and to stand guard duty when they are fainting from the debilitating effects of fever.

The Journal asks President McKinley to read the letter from Mrs. Julian Hawthorne published herewith. Some person or persons are responsible for such heartrending conditions as are there described. That person or those persons deserve the severest punishment. President McKinley, as the head of the army, owes it to the country to see first that these dreadful conditions cease, and then that the blame is fastened on the guilty and the punishment meted out with stoical justice.

But the suffering at Montauk is not the only fearful tale. At Camp Thomas, Chickamauga, 600 deaths have been reported since the camp was established, and 92 since August 1; and there are 2,294 sick men in the hospitals. These men have not been battling in a tropical, fever-smitten land. They have been right in the United States all the time, and certainly a healthful location for their camp was the least that should have been provided for them.

Before Camp Alger was broken up 250 men had died there. That is more than the Spaniards killed at Santiago, and Camp Alger is just outside of Washington. The President could almost hear the funeral marches from the White House.

Ternandina and Tampa and other camps have also sent up their pitiful tales of neglect, sickness, suffering and death.

The report of Surgeon-General Terry regarding the condition of the New York troops in the several camps showed such a dreadful condition of affairs that Governor Black did not dare to publish it. When it is necessary to suppress such reports for fear the people will be aroused to a dangerous pitch, it can be put down as certain that something is shamefully wrong.

The condition of the "President's Own Regiment," the Eighth Ohio, should appeal directly to Mr. McKinley. Surely, some one is criminally at fault when transports come into Montauk in such condition as the Mohawk was on her arrival. The repetition of these transport outrages has become sickening, and the appeal of the men of his own State surely will reach the President.

In no way can President McKinley better show his fitness for his high position than by seeing to it that every soldier is properly clothed, fed, housed and nursed, and that the men who are responsible for the present wretched condition are punished to the limit of the law and publicly disgraced.

FAMISHED MEN. REVOLTED ON THE TROOP SHIP MOHAWK.

Soldiers of the Eighth Ohio Accused
Regimental Officers of
Starving Them.

Camp Wikoff, Montauk Point, Aug. 25.—The transport Mohawk has arrived with nearly twelve hundred men of the Eighth Ohio Regiment, "The President's Own," aboard. Colonel Hart is in command, and Honore Laline, one of the Journal's war correspondents, is aboard.

The ship is still in quarantine, but from stories that have come ashore, the Mohawk's voyage, barring suspected cases of yellow fever, will be written in as many chapters of horrors as that of the Moblie.

The Mohawk reported 120 sick when she arrived last night. Dr. Magruder found 340 men fit for the hospital when he boarded the transport this afternoon. All the ambulances in camp were sent to carry them to the general hospital.

When Major Brown was apprised of this tremendous influx of patients he was visibly worried. "All right," he said after a minute. "Let them come. We are pretty full here, but with what vacant tents we have in the detention hospital, we can accommodate them."

All the afternoon a long train of ambulances bearing the sick tolled up the hill to the hospital. The well men will not be landed till tomorrow. Starvation and overcrowding, entire lack of suitable food,

secretly of medical supplies, ineffectual nursing, that is the story that comes from the Mohawk by a soldier who smuggled himself ashore to-day. He is a regular—no one of the Ohio troops. His name is withheld for obvious reasons.

Terrible Story of Suffering.

"The voyage was a terrible one for the men of the Eighth Ohio," said this soldier. "Though they got to Cuba too late for the fighting, they had a hard time there. They only got fresh meat three times between July 11, when they arrived, and August 18, when they sailed. Their medical corps was taken from them as soon as they arrived, and they got all the guard duty going because they were the freshest regiment at the front."

"They had no blankets, and when they boarded the Mohawk they were a sorry lot. We regularly found it hard to live on traveling rations, but that was nothing to the way these men fared on the way home. On August 20 they only had soup and hardtack. I saw that soup made. Ten cans of beef and thirty-four cans of tomatoes were dumped into the cauldrons to supply 1,200 men. Each got less than a quarter of a pint of the watery stuff."

"The next day a large number of prisoners in the guard house were set to scrubbing decks. They revolted and said they were too weak to work until they were fed. A special meal was gotten up for them, and they went back to work. On August 23 the whole regiment crawled up to the main deck and assembled in front

ONE SHOCKING EXAMPLE OF THE TREATMENT OF OUR BRAVE MEN.

John Hawthorne, Son of Julian Hawthorne, Stricken
with Fever, Yet Starved and Compelled to Do
Camp Drudgery at Montauk.

A SAD example of the treatment of men who fought with bravery and daring is afforded by the case of John Hawthorne, son of Julian Hawthorne and grandson of Nathaniel Hawthorne. He went to the front as a member of the Seventy-first New York, and of his part in the Santiago fight wrote as follows, as was published in the Journal of a recent date:

"We had a terrible battle that lasted three days, and in which we lost 1,600 in killed and wounded. We drove the Spaniards from their position and now have them at our mercy."

"I never expected to come through the battle alive, much less without a scratch. At least a dozen men were killed or wounded right around me."

"The major of our battalion called for two men to go forward and locate the enemy, so I and another man called Botts jumped up and ran forward to the edge of the woods, where we could see the Spaniards on the hill. It seemed certain death to get up, the bullets were flying so thick; but we got back all right and reported. Botts was afterward shot through the leg."

"A large number of us joined the regulars and helped them capture the hill. The English, French and other foreign officers said it was impossible to capture the hill, but nothing could stop our men."

"The second night of the fight the Spaniards made an attempt to recapture the hill. I was awakened out of a sound sleep by tremendous firing. The order came to form in skirmish line and make for the trenches at the top of the hill. The bullets were coming like rain, and I expected every moment to feel one; but I got to the top all right and jumped into the trench with a lot of regulars. The Gatling guns had opened up and were firing at the rate of 800 shots per minute. It was too much for the Spaniards and they gave way."

"After three days and nights' steady fighting you can imagine how glad we were to hear that the flag of truce was sent up and to know that the firing had ceased."

Mr. Hawthorne was overjoyed to see his native land when he reached New York on his transport; but what that land has since done for him and for his fellow heroes is graphically and pitifully told in a letter from his mother, Mrs. Julian Hawthorne, describing with a mother's tenderness her experience at the camp. Mrs. Hawthorne's words cause the blood to boil and form a tremendous indictment against those responsible for the neglect. She wrote:

"Yesterday (August 22) I drove to Montauk. When we neared the camp we began to meet soldiers; some white faced and weak, to whom we gave bread and sandwiches; one boy who looked about sixteen, dazed with weakness; he said: 'Yes, I'm awful hungry.' when we asked him if he would like a sandwich. He said after he got it, 'I can pay you, if you like.' We got to the Seventy-first's camp and went to Company A street, after giving some chicken to a soldier, sitting white faced on a box, in the melancholy, dazed condition so many are in."

"Jack's name was called by his comrades. I got to him and put my arms about his poor, shrunken body and cried. Presently I felt him sway back and forth in my arms. I called for help and his comrades caught him as he fell in a dead faint. It was some time before he could be brought round, and it was beautiful to see the way the men cared for him."

"When Jack had recovered he was helped into the carriage and I drove a long way to the General Hospital, tackled two surgeons-in-chief, and got a thirty days' furlough."

"In Jack's tent, one man who is sick as Jack, had no blanket, and another had but half a one—and they are lying on the ground. The captain's tent was beautifully floored. Jack had been detailed to bring the flooring from the station on his back. When he got it there, it didn't fit, and he was again detailed to take it back and bring another."

"Sunday night Jack was to have stood guard four hours (this means guard duty all the next day also), but he begged the sergeant to let him off that night, as he expected his family the next day and wanted to be in good shape. But he was to have gone on guard last night. We left camp with Jack wrapped in a horse blanket, as he had on nothing but a gauze undershirt and a canvas coat so narrow across the chest that he has to stand bent when it is buttoned, and yet it is too cold for him to leave it unbuttoned. He had on the same shooting boots he wore when he left for Cuba—the Government gave him one pair, both lefts, and so useless."

"We stopped to rest the horses at Second House. Here Jack got a glass of milk, but after sitting half dozing for an hour, he fainted again as we tried to get him into the carriage. During the nineteen mile drive he lay with his head on my shoulder and his eyes usually closed. When open they were glassy and vacant."

"When we got home, we lifted him out of the carriage and helped him stagger up the steps, but he fainted again inside the door, and we had to carry him up and lay him down on the bed. Later we got him undressed (he hasn't had clothes or shoes off since he left Santiago) and gave him a bath, and gave him some soup. He got through the night pretty well, but his stomach is in a dreadful state, from living on coffee and hardtack fried in bacon grease."

"During the fever he ate nothing, but had a little condensed milk, which one of the boys got him, probably saving his life. His temperature is 100, and the doctor is a little afraid of a relapse. It was yellow fever he had. By to-night, the doctor expects to find out how he is going to be. But Jack himself is in terror about going back, and keeps hoping they will muster him out. Except for his poor, faded, hungry eyes, you would not know him. We don't let him know how sick he is, and he expects to be all right to-morrow; but the doctor fears otherwise."

"Brooke, his tent mate, who had fever before Jack (he and Jack nursed one another), actually nearly died in their tent on Sunday from exhaustion. Jack and three others carried him about two miles to the hospital, and he is not expected to live. Another boy we left alone in their tent; he was so weak he could not stand, but the captain said he was all right. He has no friends. I sent a lady to him to-day to drive him to the hospital and get him taken in—if he did not die there alone last night."

of the quarters of Colonel Hart. The whole affair was arranged.

"Who is it that is starving the Eighth?" shouted the spokesman.

"Colonel Hart and the quartermaster," yelled the whole regiment as one man.

"The colonel ran out of the cabin white with rage and shook his fist at the men."

Called His Starving Men Cowards.

"You are a lot of cowards," he shouted, "to make such a kick about the rations. You'll get no more soup this trip."

"They did get the soup, despite the threat, but the rations were wholly inadequate and the sick fairly starved. Rose and Eddy, who died, were victims of starvation as surely as I stand here. The officers fared well. They had three square meals a day, and good grub it was. The men are going to vote charges to the President as soon as they land."

Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, and a party from Worcester, brought a tumbrel load of supplies to camp to-day. Some were for the men of the Second Massachusetts, the rest, in accordance with General Young's request of Monday, being distributed among the Eighth and Ninth Cavalry, the Twentieth Infantry and the sick men of the Tenth Cavalry. The regulars were delighted with the unexpected windfall. They are used to seeing the volunteers receive all the substantial rewards.

Lieutenant-Commander Tomatsu, of the Japanese Navy, returned to New York to-day after a thorough inspection of the field hospitals. The Japanese staff officer came on direct order of his Government.

"I am much pleased with what I saw," he said. "The work done in so short a time is marvellous. The sick are being well cared for and are doing splendidly."

BLACK WILL TRY TO GET THEM HOME.

Albany, Aug. 25.—Governor Black will go posting off to Washington in hot haste to-morrow to urge upon President McKinley the immediate amelioration of the dreadful condition prevailing among the

LIEUT. TIFFANY DIES OF FEVER AND HARDSHIP.



Lieutenant Tiffany in His Rough Rider Uniform.

When the now famous troop of cavalry was organized Mr. Tiffany was one of the first to enlist. He was made a sergeant of a company. At the fight of San Juan Hill his gallantry was so conspicuous he was recommended for promotion and raised to a lieutenant.

The End Comes Suddenly to the
Rough Rider Just as His Fiancee
Reaches His Bedside.

BOSTON, Aug. 25.—William Tiffany, a millionaire in expectation, society man, gentleman of leisure, cowboy, rough rider and patriot, died here at half-past five o'clock this afternoon.

Mrs. George Tiffany, the young man's fiancée, arrived at the Parker House this morning just in time to be at his bedside at the last. He had rallied at noon; it was thought he was improving. Death came unexpectedly. The body will be taken to New York in the morning.

Tiffany reached this city on Wednesday on board the hospital ship Olivette. He was very sick then, much emaciated from exposure, the Cuban fever and poor nourishment, but was on the convalescent list. His brother, Belmont, met him on his arrival, and, with the permission of the authorities, took the young soldier to the Parker House.

This week though he was, it was not thought that he was in any immediate danger. Indeed, while his physician, Dr. F. M. Johnson, announced that it would be

months before his patient would be sturdy again, he held the opinion that the Lieutenant's recovery was only a matter of time and rest.

Counting on this assurance and their knowledge of the Lieutenant's grit and good spirits, his relatives came here this morning with the intention of taking him to New York as soon as he could stand the fatigue of the journey.

Sudden Change for the Worse.

The excitement of their arrival did him no good, however, and not many hours had elapsed before it was seen that a change for the worse had set in. Physicians were hurriedly called, and, though the fatal end was temporarily delayed, he gradually slipped his hold of things temporal and passed away.

William Tiffany was perhaps one of the best known of the young New York men who entered Troop K, of the Rough Riders. He was about twenty-five years old. He set of life to meet its hardships, even if he had need to.

Six years ago the young man's health